

The Queen Bee

by Mike Freveletti

Any insect the size of a nickel
Squatting on Jefferson's face
Has more control than I'd care to admit.

When I bought the set
of ocher Adirondack chairs
Or the fiberglass table for cold beers

They hadn't mentioned outdoor exposure
The quiet hollowness of the umbrella stem
Would be the pied piper of bees.

I watch my family
Face pressed up against the glass
Where every once in a while
I tell my daughter that Daddy
can see her hiding her peas.

We all have to do things we don't like
I say,
And she tells me she can't hear me
As she flicks a pea at the window.